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CHRISTMAS SONG. "Unto Us a Child is Born."

BY MARK TRAFLET.

Behold! A Child is born to-night
In Bethlehem on Judah's hills;
The stars are out, the skies are bright,
So softly Hermon's dew falls;
What this new birth which angels thrill
Only a Child!

On heaven's bright choir a silence fell,
And earthward turn their anxious eyes;
The starry shepherds hear them tell
A birth that fills them with surprise;
What find they? In the manger lies
Only a Child!

Strange-clothed travelers appear,
Bearing rich gifts of pearls and gold;
We seek the King," they say; "for here
The star His coming now hath told.
And lo! behind the curtain fold
Only a Child!

While many a mother fondly sees
Her first-born at this midnight hour,
In tents of toil, or halls of ease,
With dreams of want, or wealth and
power,
What see we in this herdsman's tower?
Only a Child!

No waiting throne, no high estate
Await him as He humbly comes;
No cringing courtiers crowd the gate,
No blaring trumpets, rolling drums;
His lowly birth earth's glory shuns;
Only a Child!

Tread carefully, ye crowds! Lo! there
He sleeps whose call a world shall wake;
Heir to a throne, that brow shall wear
A crown which earthly powers shall shake.
Speak softly, lest His rest you break;
Only a Child!

To-day where'er the sun's beams fall,
Where'er the human foot hath trod,
From souls redeemed from sin's dread
thrall,
Praise to the conquering Son of God,
They bow and own His righteous rod,
This wondrous Child!

Once but a child, now thrones adorn,
And willing nations offerings bring
To Him who all our sorrows bore,
The sleeping Child, the conquering King;
To Him hosannas joyful sing,
This wondrous Child!

O glorious King! that infant born
Heaven's richest coronet shall wear,
When every knee to Him shall bow,
And His redeemed His triumph share;
Gone now our manions to prepare,
O wondrous Child!

CHRISTMAS.

BY REV. ELIJAH HOBBS, D. D.

Christmas is the world's holiday.
Other holidays are local, and are
mostly memorials in the history of
the country where they are observed;
but Christmas is more ancient and
honorable; it belongs to no one na-
tionality, but its fame and observance
are as extended as Christianity,
whose birthday it celebrates. Al-
though the ages, since angelic song-
sters announced to the wondering
shepherds, watching their flocks by
night on the plains of Judea, the ad-
vent of a Saviour, this festival, "the
birthday of a world redeemed," has
been commemorated with mirth and
song. The day has been considered
in the double light of a holy com-
memoration and a cheerful festival.
It has been a common tradition that
Christ was born about the middle of
the night, and so in the old countries
the celebration of the Christmas fes-
tival begins at midnight. In Roman
Catholic countries, where the observ-
ance is largely of a religious charac-
ter, the Christmas is ushered in with
three masses, one at midnight, the
second at early dawn, and the third
in the morning.

In Germany, where the day is ob-
served by all classes of the people
with mirth and festivity, it opens
with the singing of Christmas carols,
that recall the songs of the shepherds
at the birth of the Christ. In all
countries where it is observed, it is at
once a religious, domestic and merry-
making festival.

While Christmas is a universal
holiday throughout the Christian
world, it belongs especially, and by
general consent, to the children.
With them in all countries it is a per-
petual delight, for the memory of the
joys and gifts of the last festival al-
ways remains fresh, and is lived over
again, until it interlinks with the

joyous anticipations of the Christmas
to come. The patron saint of Chris-
tians bears different names in the
various countries that he visits. In
some portions of Europe and our own
country we call him St. Nicholas; in
Holland they name him Santa Claus,
and in Germany Kris Kringle; but
with all he is the same jolly, good-
natured Saint, visiting the homes of
all good children the night before
Christmas, and while the little folks
are fast asleep, filling the little stock-
ings, so carefully hung by the chim-
ney, with candies, toys, and books
from his well-filled basket. This fa-
ble of childhood the grown people
cling to the longest and most loving-
ly, and never fail to reproduce for
their children. We well remember
how in childhood we would lie awake
the night before Christmas, as long
as our unwilling eyes could be kept
open, eagerly listening for the jingle
of the silver bells, that we had been
assured hung upon the reindeer that
drew the wonderful sleigh of St.
Nicholas; almost breathlessly would
we hearken, until sleep would sur-
prise us, and our dreams would fill
out the picture whose reality our
waking eyes longed in vain to see.

Christmas needs not the aid of fa-
ble, however, to make it a time of
interest for the children. Aside from
the gifts that it brings them—
pledges of the love of parents and
friends—there is the "old, old story"
that never loses its power to charm
the ear of childhood, that tells of the
time "when Jesus was here among
men."

The wonderful story of the nativity
is ever fresh and beautiful. The
centuries have brought it to us with-
out a mark of age upon it, and the
children of the present hear with
wonder and delight of the Child
Jesus, who was born in a stable and
cradled in a manger. They never
cease to wonder whether the daily
experiences of the Divine Child were
anything like those of children in
these days; and these eager question-
ings of childhood with reference to
the Child Jesus, constantly reproduced
in later years, find their only answer
in the revelation that declares that
"He was tempted in all points as we
are, yet without sin."

Christmas is becoming more and
more a universal holiday in our land,
and the custom of making presents
now extends not only to the children,
but to the older members of the fam-
ily as well; and we are glad that it
is so. The custom is one to be com-
mended; it is refining in its charac-
ter, and its tendency will be to
unite the members of the family more
closely to one another, and generate a
love for home—a sentiment that
needs cultivation in our country.
While we are thus remembering our
loved ones, and preparing our annual
Christmas tokens, and exchanging our
holiday gifts, let us not forget that
Ours above asks of us a token. He
says: "Son, give Me thy heart." Shall
we not bring it to Him as a "Chris-
tmas offering," and pray Him
to accept it for the sake of the Christ
who was born on this "auspicious
morn?"

"BEN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT."

BY KATHARINE LENT STEVENSON.

Things always came in a queer way
to Ben Holbrook. If he sold an unusual
number of papers, the buyers were sure
to be cross, grumpy old men who fret-
ted and fumed and called him a "troub-
lesome dog" at the very minute they
were lightning his load.

If a jacket less ragged than the one he
was wearing were given him, it always
seemed to be by accident; and the do-
nor would look after him as if undecided
whether or not she should call him back.
Even his afflictions had their funny
side; the days on which he was forced
to go superfluous to bed were sure to be
crowded so full of comical mishaps that
he hardly missed his supper.

Everything came to him with a twist
in it—a something which made it un-
like the happenings of other boys;
therefore, it is not at all surprising that
his very first Christmas present should
come to him, not on Christmas day at
all, but on the day after. Not that he
expected a Christmas present, not he!
He calmly thrust his hands into his rag-
ged pockets, and gazed, with deepest
satisfaction, upon the crowd of eager
pleasure-seekers, or into gay shop win-
dows whose contents he already knew.
No one better fitted than Ben to criti-
cise the arrangement of show windows;
he could look back upon Christmas days
innumerable, and tell to his admiring
comrades just how Jordan & Marsh or

White were "fixed up" five years ago.
On the whole, Christmas was not a
bad day for him; there was a great deal
of excitement in wondering where all
the people were going, and what pres-
ents they had received. Moreover, there
was a famous "Ladies and Gents' Din-
ing Room" at the North End, where a
turkey dinner could be bought for a
quarter; and what more could the mayor
himself ask? Occasionally he met a
comrade who had a glowing tale to re-
late of the wonderful tree at the mis-
sion school on Christmas Eve, or the
still more wonderful feast expected that
night.

Ben was not a mission-school boy; he
had gone once or twice in his earlier
days, but had not taken kindly to the
discipline; nor had the discipline, in
the form of a tall, dignified, spectacled
old man, taken kindly to him. He had
considered it his mission to question
rather than to answer, and his questions
were marked by force and originality
rather than by pertinency and reverence.
In the twisting of Scripture passages he
had shown a singular ingenuity; but
when the novelty of shouting, "Top
not, come down," "I am love-sick,"
etc., had died away, he was quite will-
ing to accept the hint of his spectacled
friend that, "if he could not behave, he
would better stay away," and staid away
from henceforth—regarded by the
teachers as "dangerous;" by the boys
as "plucky," or "queer."

Ben cared very little for their opin-
ion. This small philosopher of fourteen
was as cynical in his way as Diogenes
himself, and if he had wanted a "man,"
would never have sought him in a mis-
sion school.

"They don't care for the folks," he
had said once, contentedly; "if they
did, they wouldn't treat 'em in such a
baby way. S'pose I want to be stuck
down on a hard bench and made to
listen to a lot of stuff about some dead
chaps? I like live ones better. S'pose
I'd loved that story about Jonah? No,
s'pose I ain't quite so green. They don't
teach any of 'em right. I could a'
made a bully story out of that Joseph,
and showed the boys what a plucky
chap he was, and how he never went
back on himself and wasn't mean; but
they didn't. They only said, 'God took
care of him,' and all that. Seems to me
he took more care of himself, though
maybe God helped him do that. I dun-
no. I guess I dunno much about God
anyhow. Seems to me, though, I could a'
understood Jesus. I don't believe He'd
a' said, 'Little boy, I'm glad to see you
here on this blessed Sabbath day; I hope
you mean to be good.' He'd a' held out
His hand and said, 'Good morning, Ben.'
Then I'd a' felt like a man, and
acted like one; but I can't stand no cod-
ding."

And yet, bravely as Ben had gotten
through this Christmas of which I am
writing, on the day following he had to
confess to himself a strange desire for
a little codding. It was a bitter cold day;
he had sold very few papers, and yester-
day's luxurious dinner only made to-
day's necessity harder to endure. He
had a strangely lonely feeling as he
stood, late that night, on the corner of
Washington and Summer Sts., and tried
to allure some negligent paper-buyer
into this tardy performance of his duty.
No one heeded his cries; still the cold
street seemed better to the boy than his
lonely attic room at Mrs. Hackett's lodg-
ing-house—at least there were people.

"I wish I had a Christmas," he said
at last, breaking off suddenly in the
midst of a dance which seemed to in-
dicate the wildest hilarity, but was in
reality an expedient against freezing.
"I wish I had a Christmas all my own!
I don't mean the present; that would be
the tidiest part of it; but I wish I had
some folks—somebody I could give
presents to. There's Joe Johnson; he
ought to be happy; he's got a mother.
She drinks, to be sure, but she's a
mother for all that, and he's got a little
sister. I'd give my eyes for one like
her. I ain't got nobody. They said up
't the mission that God loved me. Stuff!
Queer kind of love that don't send a
feller nothin' on Christmas! Well,
I'll go home. The streets are gittin'
im'ly gone. I s'pose Marm Hackett would
give me somethin' to eat if she knew I
hadn't had no supper, but I guess I kin
stand it till mornin'. Jiminy! What's
that?" and the boy's solitary came to
a sudden end on the sidewalk, while the
queer bundle over which he had fallen,
lifted up its voice in a very decided
wail.

"A child!" he cried, "out here this
freezin' night. A little girl, too!" pull-
ing the ragged shawl away from her
face. "Why, Sissy, what's your name?
What're you doing here this cold
night?"

But the child was too benumbed by
cold and terror to give any intelligible
answer, and Ben's keen eyes saw that,
if she were not helped soon, she must
freeze. People enough had passed her
—yes; but then what had the busy
throng to do with that little bundle of
rags, crouching in the broad doorway?
Few saw her; those who did, found it
"none of their business." Indeed, it
seems to be only the business of One
when the sparrow falls.

"What shall I do?" muttered the
boy. "I dunno what to take her."
And then this thought came to him:
"Maybe God has sent me my Christmas.
I most believe He has!" he cried glee-
fully. "I'll get her home this minit."

Come, Sissy, come!" at the same time
pulling her up, with a gentle, though
vigorous shake.

But the getting home proved the
work of many minutes, for, with Ben's
best efforts, the benumbed feet could
take but a few steps at a time, and
though he was young and strong, he
found the child a heavy burden in his
present superfluous condition.

"Marm Hackett'll have to be waked
up now, I reckon," he said, as he tugged
bravely up the steps of his wretched
"lodging." "I guess she'll stand it,
though. She's pretty good to me. I
wonder why?"

Marm Hackett could have told why;
hard old woman that she was, her heart
had been touched by the boy's unfailing
good humor, and his constant little acts
of kindness towards her. Indeed, the
alacrity with which she answered his
call this night was due, though Ben
never suspected it, to the fact she had
found out that his last penny had been
invested in the gaudy peddler's handkerchief
he had given her the day before.

"The land's sake alive!" she cried,
as she saw the child; "what did she
ever come from? Poor thing! She's
most friz. Here you, Ben, make a fire.
I want hot water right off. Why, you
poor baby!" and Ben wondered at the
new softness in the old woman's eye,
for, though "kind" to him, he was one
day to become a man; and weren't all
men like the husband who had deserted
her? But this little girl! Ah, she was
back again to the snow hills of her na-
tive Maine, and she saw there only the
little white grave, where for long years
had slept her baby girl.

Together they worked for hours over
the child, until the color came to lips
and cheeks; then, as her fear of the
strange faces grew less, she cuddled
down into the warm blankets, and, after
sighing then again and again not to
send her "back to Nan," went off to
sleep, holding Ben's hand with one of
her tiny ones, while in the other was a
Christmas cookie which she had been too
sleepy to eat.

"Now, Ben, I know you ain't had no
supper, so you jest set right down and
tell me what you found this youngster
and what you're goin' to do."

The story was soon told. "Now
what'm I goin' to do?" said Ben ston-
tly. "I'm goin' to take care of her. I
believe God sent her to me for my
Christmas. If He did, He's goin' to
help me take care of her, for I don't
believe He's the kind that shirks. I'll
sell more papers. I kin do without ci-
gars—don't like 'em anyhow. I needn't
go to the theatre, and I'll eat cheap
things. If you'll let her stay here, I
know I kin pay her board. Will you?"

"Land, yes!" said the old woman in
a husky voice; "she kin stay and wel-
come; but s'pose she's got a father and
mother?"

This was a damper on Ben's ardor.
"Well, if she has, we'll have to find
'em," he said at last, "but I don't
believe it. No mother would let her
child come out such a night as this."

The child's story the next day was a
very simple one. She had had a mama
once—a sweet, lovely mama, with a
thin, white face, and she had lived to-
gether in a little room, and mama used
to sew, and nights she used to cry. She
was sick once, and mama used to cry
more. After that she forgot what her
papa, till by and by, mama was gone,
and she was living with old Nan in a
dirty attic. Nan beat her, and sent her
out to beg. How long had she lived
with Nan? Oh, a hundred years, she
guessed. Last night Nan was drunk,
and she was "friz" to go home be-
cause she hadn't any pennies; and oh,
it was so cold! "Please don't take me
back! Please don't take me back!" she
cried piteously.

"Marm Hackett" looked at Ben. Ben
looked at Marm Hackett. "She shall
stay," he muttered fiercely. "I ain't
goin' to have my Christmas present
licked and cuffed by no old woman.
Here, little girl, what did you say your
name was? Oh, Nellie! Well, Nellie,
you shan't go back to old Nan. I'm
goin' to take care of you, and you shall
be my little sister. What do you think
of that?"

The child looked at him for one sec-
ond, as if to test his earnestness, then,
with a gleeful laugh, she sprang for-
ward and gave him the very first kiss
he had ever known; and Ben, as he
received it, felt that he had been bap-
tized into a new life.

As the days went by, and the child
grew less fearful of a return to "old
Nan," she proved as light-hearted a little
lassie as ever gladdened two hungry
hearts. She was strangely beautiful,
too; and in spite of the queer clothes
Marm Hackett made, there was an in-
describable air of refinement about the
child. How she loved Ben! And how
he loved her! He was always sure that
her sweet face would be pressed close to
the window, watching for his return,
and the memory of it all the day kept
his heart warm in the midst of hunger
and cold. "Marm Hackett," too,
seemed blossoming into a new life.
The drunkenest lodger noticed that the
window panes were cleaner and the dust
less thick, and yet, despite all this, de-
spite the fact that Ben sold more papers
than ever before, his face grew daily
more sober, until, one night, after Nellie
had been with them for about two
months, he burst forth with, "I can't
stand it no longer! What that child told

us about her mother, just sticks in my
throat. She's no common child. If it's
true, this old Nan may have stole her,
and her mother may be alive. I've got
to find out."

"How'll you do it?" was the laconic
query.

"Well, there's one minister in this
city I believe I could talk to. I've seen
him lots of times, and he looks as if
there wa'n't no nonsense in him. I'm
goin' to ask him what to do."

Probably the Rev. Mr. Worthdue was
never more astonished than when, on the
following day, Ben Holbrook was
ushered into his study, and, in his bold,
straightforward way, told his story.

"Now," he said, at the close, "if God
didn't send her to me, if she belongs to
somebody else, what do you think I
ought to do? I don't want to be mean."

"I think," was the cordial answer,
"that you are doing the only manly
thing. The child's mother may be liv-
ing. I will do all I can to find out.
Meantime what can I do for the child?"

"Nothing," said Ben promptly. "I've
took care of her so far, and I mean to do
the end."

"May I come and see her?"
"That you may and welcome. No. 7
—St. Good-morning, sir."

"Good-morning, Ben. I'll go to work
at once."

And he did. The police force and
city missionaries were notified; inquir-
ies were made into Boston's highest and
lowest circles; and this minister, who,
as Ben used to say, was "a man, too,"
worked as earnestly as if this were the
only labor his hands, already overbur-
dened, had found to do.

One evening, about a month after
Ben's first call, he came into Mrs. Hack-
ett's dingy "settlin'-room" with a face
that told of news.

Ben dropped Nellie from his knee,
and turned to his visitor with a simple
"Well!"

"You are right, and wrong, Ben,"
was the answer. "Nellie was stolen by
old Nan, but it was from the side of a
dead mother. Nellie's father was the
youngest son of one of Boston's oldest
families. He married a poor girl, and
was disinherited. Soon after, he died,
leaving a girl-wife and a baby girl. The
poor mother weaned night and day to
support her child, but she was all un-
used to such labor, and her strength
soon failed. When Nellie was four years
old they were both very sick. The
mother died, and this Nan—an old
crone who lived in the attic of their
wretched tenement—took the child and
taught her to beg."

"On, yes, the landlord and the other
tenants knew, but then the dead woman
was 'back on the rent,' and whose busi-
ness was it what became of the child?
She would have to go to some charity
institution if Nan didn't keep her. She
has lived with the old woman nearly two
years. Meanwhile her grandparents
have died, and but two members of her
father's family are living. They do not
care for the child—they care for noth-
ing but themselves—but are willing to
support her in schools until she is able
to help herself. Or, if you choose, you
may keep her, the only condition being
that she is not to trouble them in after
life. What do you say?"

"I say that I'll never give up my
Christmas present to such cold-blooded
tyrants and cowards!"

"But, Ben, have you thought of the
matter carefully? This is no place in
which to bring up such a child; she
ought to have a quiet home; she should
go to school, and so should you. You
can't sell papers always. What do you
mean to do?"

Mr. Worthdue's call that evening was
a long one, and, as he rose to go, Ben
said: "Yes, sir. I see what you mean.
It's cowardly and stingy, sometimes,
but to take it I'll do whatever you say,
sir."

What the minister said, does not mat-
ter now, but the next Christmas found
Nellie, Marm Hackett and Ben in a snug
tenement on a sunny street at the
South End.

Six years have since gone by, and
Ben is now finishing his trade as a machi-
nist, at the same time working hard
in the evening school, with the hope of
next year entering the Institute of Tech-
nology; while to Nellie—a sturdy girl
of twelve—the grammar school is only a
smaller Paradise than the bright little
home where she can love, and pet, and
make happy "Dear old Marmie" and
"Brother Ben."

By the way, Ben is teacher in a mis-
sion school, and it was from the lips of
one of his wisest boys, that I heard this
story.

"I tell you, boys," he said in his
sturdy fashion at the close, "God
knows what we all need, and when He
sends a present, it's the right kind, ev-
ery time."

THE STRINGENCY IN MONEY MATTERS,
which checks benevolence and extrava-
gance, has been so severe as to prevent
the usual celebration of the Thanksgiv-
ing festival, or Des Moines Conference
from passing the million
line, though it is not easy to see how

this would have been done if a man by
the name of Slocum had not quickened
his pace in the direction of resumption
of old plans of benevolence. A bless-
ing on the men who give a thousand, or
five hundred, dollars a year for mis-
sions!

The prices of stock and grain are low,
values have shrunk, and debts over-
due are not paid, yet creditors who can
collect interest on obligations are pa-
tient, and debtors (many of them in ear-
ly manhood, paying for and improving
farms which are to make them affluent
in their advanced age), though under
many privations, are not discouraged.

Preachers and people are looking for
that tide in the affairs of the church
which, taken at its flood, flows on to
spiritual fortune, and already appear-
ances favor large expectations. Angus,
notable a year ago as the scene of a
strike by the coal miners, and all winter
harassed with the want and violence in-
cited to such events, is now wonder-
fully moved by a religious revival, in which
seventy-six persons have been enrolled
on the Methodist church record, and
conversions occur at almost every meet-
ing. Angus is a city of over two thou-
sand people, largely miners and their
families.

Dr. Villars, of the Illinois Confer-
ence, out of the regular work on a su-
perannuated furlough, has commenced
a campaign in Boone with some prom-
ise of success. District conferences
are giving close attention to questions
concerning revivals, and in some cases
the fire breaks out and conversions re-
sult.

In our recent election, to which the
whole country looked with absorbing
interest, there was fought over again
the battle of prohibition. One of the
great parties with a lesser one fused
into it, pronounced in its platform
against our prohibitory law and in favor
of license; and the other party, with
prudent political reserve and sagacity,
demanded a fair trial for our present
law against the liquor traffic. With the
issues thus plainly made up, there were
but few in the ranks of prohibitionists
who could justify to themselves a third
party movement in the interests of pro-
hibition, since its largest possible suc-
cess would only defeat their fondest
hope by the election of a democratic
legislature. Each party succeeded quite
well in what it proposed as to plan of
campaign—the one as to massing the
intermediate elements and securing the
monetary support of liquor manufactur-
ers and dealers, and the other as to
keeping in line all advocates of legal op-
position to the liquor traffic, without
needlessly offending such as do not fa-
vor legal prohibition. With so satis-
factory an arrangement as to platforms,
a heated contest seemed probable, but
was not realized. How such an election
could be carried without the enthusiasm
which had marked former campaigns,
with their large mass meetings ad-
dressed by talented speakers from
abroad, appears, in part at least, in the
fact that the united testimony of the
churches had been contradicted, and so
the moral sense more or less offended.
And while ministers do not covet the
posture of seeming to preach politics,
there is no law, human or divine, that
prevents a party, loading itself with the
obloquy of dangerous moral and social
principles, from suffering the heaviest
opposition of the pulpit.

When the little dust kicked up in this
land campaign had been settled by the
ballot, it turned out that with large-
ly reduced popular majorities the ma-
jority of members elected to each house
of the legislature, committed to the
plan of giving the present law a fair
trial, was considerably increased. How
popular majorities were thus reduced is
thus partly explained by the Iowa State
Register. There has been an immense
exodus of native-born Americans, most-
ly Republicans, from the farming re-
gions to Kansas, Nebraska and Dakota,
and large immigrations to our cities and
for mining and railroad work of for-
eigners largely Democrats. A further
explanation is in the fact that Demo-
crats did not fail to vote in the same
proportion as Republicans.

Not denying that the prohibitory law
of our State has been much thwarted
and violated, it is true that, all things
considered, it has been and is reason-
ably well enforced. During the recent
campaign it was the policy of its op-
ponents to make as large a show as pos-
sible of successful resistance. It is one
thing to get a law through the legisla-
ture and another to pass it through con-
stitutional tests. In this respect it has
fared remarkably well, though for the
time there was seeming weakness and
failure to enforce. Moreover, the law
needs to be amended. In the matter of
medicinal uses it seems not to have oc-
curred to the framers of the law that by
straining a point a brewery might be
run and saloon men's wagons loaded
down each day in the week for the
stomach's sake and the often infirmities
of the community. However, after all
the mishaps and checks the law against
the liquor traffic have met here and
elsewhere, progressive men and women
feel that the saloon must go.

For He has come, the Word of God, that
we may know God; every word of His, then,
as needful to the knowing of Himself, is
needful to the knowing of God, and we may
understand as far as we may every one of
His words, and every one of His actions.
—Macdonald.

THE RESPONSIBILITY FAIRLY STATED.—
And as it is the duty and privilege of
believers to give up their fellow-men
the testimony of their religious experi-
ence, so it is the duty and privilege of
unbelievers to receive the testimony.
Its rejection displays the enmity of the
carnal mind and the prevalence of prej-
udice and unbelief in the soul. —Christian
Intelligencer.

How to Kill Heretics and Heresies.
—More prayer-meetings and better
ones; more mission work and sacrifices;
more love to God; more devotion to
our work, whatever it may be; more
singleness of purpose in the duties
which come next to us will kill more
heretics than all inquisitorial tortures.
—Presbyterian.

The Detestable Apology of Crime.—
Oh, he is a clever man, and would never
have done it but for little too much
drink. And that excuse is for a fool!
Alas! for such a travesty of justice—
such a false, foolish sentiment! Whis-
key is no justification for crime. But
this sentiment is another argument in
favor of prohibition. —New Orleans
Christian Advocate.

Read Carefully and Always Remem-
ber.—They live the longest who make
the best use of time; and when good
deeds are made the links of the chain
which constitutes man's tenure or tie to
the things of this life, he is happier and
more secure than the man of the world,
whose life is "a series of broken links,"
or a rope of sand. —Christian at Work.

The Journalist as he should be.—
The place of a modern journalist cor-
responds with that of a prophet in ancient
Judaism. It is his sacred calling to
smite at moral wrong without fear or
flatter. A journalist ought to be as
chaste and virtuous as a clergyman.
His calling is as sacred, and his influ-
ence is ten times greater. —Methodist
Times.

The Protest of Reason and Truth.—
But we have thought

The Sunday School.

FIRST QUARTER. LESSON 1.

Sunday, January 3.
2 Kings 22: 1-13.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

JOSIAH AND THE BOOK OF THE LAW.

I. Preliminary.

1. GOLDEN TEXT: "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord" (2 Kings 22: 2).
2. DATE: About B. C. 641-622.
3. PLACE: Jerusalem.
4. PARALLEL PASSAGE: 2 Chron. 34: 1-22.
5. CONTENTS: Assyrian Kings - Sardanapalus and Sardan; Babylonian - Nabopolassar; Median - Cyaxares; Roman - the Tarquins. Prophets - Jeremiah, Zephaniah, Habakkuk, and Isaiah.

Dr. Cowles thinks that the fourth book of the Psalter (Psa. 90-100) was compiled, if not composed, at this period, and that "an inside view of the spirit and times of Josiah" may be obtained from these sacred hymns. "Psalms 101 well express the noble spirit of youthful piety and holy purpose which the history clearly assumes in the young king Josiah."

II. Introductory.

It was a young head to wear a crown—a child of but eight years, undeveloped in mind and character, and with scarce wisdom to care for himself; much less a great people. The lament of Solomon over the nation whose king was a child never appeared more applicable than when Josiah, the sixteenth of the line, the son of wicked Amos, mounted the throne. And yet, his first deliberate act of choice, when he was sixteen years old, was to serve the God of his fathers. Rarely do we find a determination of this kind beset with greater difficulties. There was scarcely any religious teaching; the Book of the Law had disappeared; debasing idolatries had become common by their frequency and established by a long succession of observances. In the deep spiritual darkness even such minds as Habakkuk and Zephaniah were wrapped in hopeless perplexity. And yet the young king resists the downward current of his age and the temptations to illicit pleasure, and with the mere taper lights of conscience and tradition begins to seek after the God of his father David. From this time onward he did "what was right in the eyes of the Lord, and walked in the way of David his father, and turned not aside to the right hand nor to the left."

His pious son bore fruit. In the twelfth year of his reign, at the age of twenty, he entered upon his crusade against idolatry—the most uncompromising crusade against the gods of Paganism and Mosaic Amos that Judah had known. No matter how venerable or sacred the monument, if it had been used for other worship than that of Jehovah, it was ruthlessly destroyed. But while the idols were falling, the temple was rising out of its ruins. Under the direction of Hilkiah, the high priest, artisans were busy in the work of restoration. Collections of money had been made for this purpose in various parts of the kingdom, and brought to the temple treasury; and it was on the occasion of the king sending Shaphan to the house of the Lord with orders to the high priest to count and disburse this money, that Hilkiah communicated to the scribe his important discovery. He had found the temple copy of the Book of the Law. Shaphan quickly unrolled the parchment, saw at a glance what a treasure it was to him, and carried it to the king. Presumably Josiah's first feeling was one of veneration mingled with great joy and curiosity. No relic of the past, not even the sacred ark, which he had not caused to be replaced in the Holy of Holies, could compare with this record of God's will and purpose. Through all his youth and early manhood, while feeling his way painfully towards the truth, he must have longed for an authoritative revelation. Possibly his impassioned prayer, like Luther's, may have been, "Oh, my God, punish far rather with pestilence, with all the terrible sicknesses of earth, with war, with anything, rather than that Thou be silent to us!" And now his desire had been met in a way entirely unexpected. He was not content with knowing that the roll had been found. He did not send it back to Hilkiah with directions to restore it to the honored place in the temple. It was too precious to be parted with. Every column, every line was to be searched, to know "what God the Lord had spoken."

On what passage the eye of Shaphan first fell as he unrolled the parchment at the king's direction, we know not; but if we may judge from the effect of the reading, it may have been those terrible sentences of condemnation in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy, beginning at the 15th verse—the very reprobations of Sinai against the persistently disobedient and those who willfully seek after other gods. As the awful words fell on the king's ears, and the convict on whom he ruled had for long years been guilty of the offenses therein named, and was exposed to the fury of the divine judgments, his emotion was great. In his alarm and sorrow he read his clothes, and sends an embassy in haste to find a prophet who might "inquire of the Lord."

III. Expository.

1. Unexpected Finding (1, 2).
Josiah—the sixteenth king of Judah; the grandson of Manasseh, the son of Amon. His father, one of the most infamous of Jewish kings, was succeeded by his servants in the second year of his reign; the people sold the conspirators in turn, and placed Josiah on the throne. Eight years old—too young to personally administer the government. In the council of regency there have been some noble spirits; or else the after life and piety of Josiah would be scarcely explicable. Reigned thirty and one years—from A. C. 641 to 610. He fell in battle before he had completed his fortieth year. His mother's name was Jedidah—Nothing is known, what may be surmised, of her. Boazath—R. V., "Bozath," mentioned among the towns of Judah, in Josh. 15: 39.

This prince was the best and most beloved of the kings who had sat upon this throne since David, and was approached by none in his zeal against idolatry and in his devotedness to the Lord (Kito).

2. Did "right in the sight" (R. V., "eyes") of the Lord.—The character of each king is thus summed up—he did that which was right, or he did that which was evil, in the sight of the Lord; and the latter was more common than the former. The great Searcher of Hearts, who requires "truth in the inward parts," and watches each individual of the race to see whether he will serve Him or no, approved of Josiah as a doer of right. Walked in the ways of David his father.—There was no higher model then. David's name towered high above all others in spiritual distinction, and Josiah, therefore walked in his ways—followed his example. How much better this than "the ways of the Lord." The name of Josiah is written in the same small but illustrious passage with those of David, and Hezekiah and Jehoshaphat. Turned not aside to the right hand or to the left—a rare phrase, borrowed from the days of Moses and Joshua, a description of undeviating adherence to the commandments of the Lord (Kito).

It is difficult to account for the appearance of this rare and beautiful type of character at a time when, in the almost universal corruption, the mould of goodness seemed to be utterly lost. It appears that a few souls still lingered, and like Habakkuk stood on the watch tower, waiting anxiously for gleams of a better day. Such were Hilkiah the high priest, and Shaphan the secretary, and Hilkiah the prophet, with her husband Shailum, and last, but not least, the prophet Jeremiah. Probably the young king received the first bestowal of goodness from the holy influence of some one of these. Still, "it is a striking feature of his history," says Dr. Smith, "that the king himself is the prime mover in every act of reformation."

2. An Unexpected Discovery (3-13).

3-7. In the eighteenth year of king Josiah.—Six years before, according to the parallel account in 2 Chronicles (chap. 34), Josiah had entered upon his crusade against idolatry. He proved a vehement reformer. Such an unsparing demolition of idol shrines, such a radical excision of every branch and root of idolatrous observance, had never before been seen in the land. Solomon's famous sanctuaries, which had stood for 350 years on the Mount of Olives, perished in the common destruction. Tophet, in the Valley of Hinnom, the seat of Moloch worship, the proud temples of the sun god Baal, the houses devoted to the orgies of Ashoreth, the brazen altars erected by Ahab and Manasseh, all fell before the iconoclastic zeal of the reformer-king. Even the sepulchres of the dead priests were riddled, and their bones heaped up on the altar sites, to complete the work of desecration. The chronology of the events of Josiah's reign is still unsettled, but it is probable that early in this work of destruction repairs on the temple were begun. Sent Shaphan.—the scribe to the house of the Lord.—Says Kito: "Besides Shaphan, the king sent also, according to 2 Chron. 34: 5, Maaseiah, the governor of the city, and Joah, the chancellor, because the repair of the temple was no mere private concern of the king and priests, but an affair of the whole kingdom, and especially of the capital." Go up to Hilkiah.—that he may sum the silver (R. V., "money")—Shaphan and his attendants were sent on a formal duty to the high priest, to bid him count the money collected for the restoration of the temple and pay it to the workmen. While attending to this duty he learned of an important discovery. Which the keepers of the door had gathered.—Collectors had been sent to different parts of the kingdom, and also to Israel. The contributions had been brought to the temple and put into the hands of the door-keepers. Deliver it to the doers of the work (R. V., "the workmen")—These were "carpenters, builders and masons," as we learn in verse 6. No reckoning made—so great was the confidence felt in the faithfulness of the overseers "that a striking contrast," says Dr. Smith, "to the checks found necessary in the days of Josiah."

He issued a commission to his chief officers to cooperate with the high priest Hilkiah in a thorough renovation of the temple. Many had been collected, and it was on the occasion of the king sending Shaphan to the house of the Lord with orders to the high priest to count and disburse this money, that Hilkiah communicated to the scribe his important discovery. He had found the temple copy of the Book of the Law. Shaphan quickly unrolled the parchment, saw at a glance what a treasure it was to him, and carried it to the king. Presumably Josiah's first feeling was one of veneration mingled with great joy and curiosity. No relic of the past, not even the sacred ark, which he had not caused to be replaced in the Holy of Holies, could compare with this record of God's will and purpose. Through all his youth and early manhood, while feeling his way painfully towards the truth, he must have longed for an authoritative revelation. Possibly his impassioned prayer, like Luther's, may have been, "Oh, my God, punish far rather with pestilence, with all the terrible sicknesses of earth, with war, with anything, rather than that Thou be silent to us!" And now his desire had been met in a way entirely unexpected. He was not content with knowing that the roll had been found. He did not send it back to Hilkiah with directions to restore it to the honored place in the temple. It was too precious to be parted with. Every column, every line was to be searched, to know "what God the Lord had spoken."

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9-11. Shaphan brought the king word.—He first reports on the duty entrusted to him, to the effect that the money had been duly counted and paid over to the workmen. Have gathered the money.—R. V., "Have emptied the money." Shaphan showed the king—R. V., "Shaphan told the king," and delivered the book into his hand. Shaphan read it before the king—his appropriate duty as scribe. It is supposed, from the powerful impression made upon the king, that the portion read by Shaphan included chapters 28 to 30 of Deuteronomy, which contain the threatening and curses of the law against its transgressors. He rent his clothes—terrified and distressed by the awful conviction of the national apostasy in the past, and of the punishment which must be hanging over the people.

Whether the king was hitherto entirely unacquainted with the book of the law, or was instructed in the law only in a traditional way, or whether he had a copy of the law and had not read it through, or had not read it with due attention, so that the passages now read to him made so deep an impression, it is impossible to decide with certainty. Either case is conceivable, as it is known by experience that books already read, by being read again under peculiar circumstances, make an impression upon us not before received. It is more probable, however, that no copy of the law had yet been seen by the king (Kito).

12. The king commanded Hilkiah, etc.—The high priest was put at the head of a committee of high officials to inquire of a prophet concerning the will of the Lord in this great emergency.

Among the names of those who were sent on this urgent quest is that of Ahikam, the son of Shaphan. He is again referred to in Jer. 26: 4. Prof. Plumptre thinks that he must have exercised great authority during the youth of Josiah. "He must have been to him what Zephaniah was to Josiah, what Cranmer was to Edward VI; must have done much to foster the zeal and devotion for which he was afterwards so conspicuous."

13. Go ye, inquire of the Lord for me, etc.—Says Hilkiah: "To inquire of the Lord" through the appointed methods, by Urim and Thummim, or from the prophets, was a phraseology as common amongst the Jews as to consult a physician or lawyer is among us. Innumerable instances occur in the Old Testament. The agitated feelings of a king prompted him to ask immediate counsel how to avert those curses under which his kingdom lay. "Great is the wrath of the Lord that is kindled against us.—No signs of that wrath were apparent, and for several years Josiah had been carrying on a radical work of reformation; yet the conviction was deep in the king's mind, that the guilt of the nation had reached such a pitch as to expose it to just and severe punishment."

Whether it was that Jeremiah and Zephaniah were absent from the city, or were too young to be consulted, or because the aged Hilkiah had gained a high reputation for her prophetic powers, it is certain that it was to her abode, in the suburbs of the city, that the embassy turned. Her reply, while containing a message of comfort for the king personally, confirmed his worst fears for the future of his kingdom. The corruption was too deeply seated to be eradicated even by the zeal of a Josiah. "Too late is written," says Stanley, "on the pages which describe this momentary revival."

IV. Inferential.

1. "Blessed are those who begin young to serve their Lord!—fewer sins to beak off, a longer time in which to do good, life less tainted with early sins and habits."
2. Pity can flourish in the most unfavorable circumstances.
3. Even the children of the ungodly may rise to the heights of sainthood.
4. How wonderful the preservation of God's Word! We may deny the miracle of the Bible, but we cannot unimagine the obstinate fact of its existence.
5. For the Bible to be lost it is not necessary that it be lost to sight. Not to read it is to lose it; not to obey it is to destroy it. The leaves of many a Bible might be changed into blanks, and the change not be discovered for years.

V. Illustrative.

1. AN EXAMPLE FOR ROYALTY.
There is at the top of the Queen's staircase in Windsor Castle a statue from the studio of Baron Triquet, of Edward VI, marking with his scepter a passage in the Bible, which he holds in his left hand, and upon which he earnestly looks. The passage is thus: "Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned thirty and one years in Jerusalem. And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in all the way of David his father, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left." The statue was erected by the will of the late prince, who intended it to convey to his son the Divine principles by which the future governor of England should mould his life and reign on the throne of Great Britain (Thomas Hughes).

2. THE CHRONOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.
Titchendorff thus describes his feelings on his discovery of the Sinaitic Codex in January, 1859, in the cloister of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai. While partaking of some refreshment with the custodian of the cloister, in one of the cells, the latter "went to a corner of the room, took up a package wrapped in red cloth, and laid it on the table before me. I opened the cloth, and saw to my utter astonishment the Sinaitic Bible. In the most joyful excitement I begged permission to carry the cloth with all its contents to my room. There I first gave myself up to my full impression of the occurrence. No description can be given of such an hour, of such an experience. I know that I had in my hands the choicest jewel that could be discovered for biblical investigation, and one that surpassed in age and value all Sinai manuscripts in the world."

3. THE WAY TO READ THE BIBLE.
You put your Bible in your book-case. There it stands all the week perhaps. Or you read it once a day, or once a week, as the case may be. And you do it very devoutly. The room is still, and your children sit around the table in a stilted row. You put on your spectacles and read; and as you read, you lower the key of your voice—for when men want to be religious, they always take a solemn tone; and you read all the way through the chapter, and are like a blind man walking along a road where there are all sorts of flowers on both sides, never seeing a single one. Men read thus, and feel a great deal better because 'they have read the Bible to their family.' Now, I tell you, the only thing that you read in the Bible is that which jumps into your eye, and which you cannot get out of you. It is the vital, luminous part, and not the dead letter that you read, if you read any part of the Bible (selected).

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WORDS OF PRAISE.

Dr. James D. Bragg, a druggist and physician of the old school, residing at 271 East Main St., Bridgeport, Connecticut, is full of praise for Atholophors. This is what he has to say:

"I have been a resident of this city for ten years and am conversant with the prevailing diseases in this section. None is so common as rheumatism and neuralgia. During the fall season I have a busy practice with neuralgia and rheumatic patients, and I prescribe Atholophors with unparalleled success. It is a perfectly safe medicine, and so pure that a baby can take it."

One of the happiest men in Maine nowadays is William Sawyer, of West Hampden, Penobscot county. Mr. Sawyer is a butcher, long and favorably known in his county, and that he has abundant cause for his happiness will appear from the following statement.

"I was sick last fall with rheumatism," he says, "and a lady sent me word to try Atholophors. I did so. When I got the medicine the minister was at my house. At four o'clock he took him and two others to get me up off the bed. I took the Atholophors and in less than two hours one man got me off the bed and in ten hours I got off alone, and in eighteen hours my fever had all gone. I have recommended the medicine to three others that were not so badly off as I was and it worked like a charm. I tell the doctors that I will be fifty dollars that I can cure any rheumatic fever, I don't care how bad, in twenty hours with one bottle of Atholophors. I am a butcher going around all over the country and I have to tell this story sometimes ten times a day. I wouldn't be without Atholophors, and carry it with me all the time."

"I wish to say a word in praise of Atholophors," says E. J. Flood, of Oxford, Me. "I was taken with rheumatism last May, and was treated by my family doctor for some time without relief. I then tried every other rheumatic cure I could hear of with the same result. Some five weeks ago I by chance learned of Atholophors. I bought a bottle and began taking it and in less than twenty-four hours I could walk without a cane and suffered no pain. I have taken two bottles and to-day I am able to do a hard day's work. I consider it the greatest rheumatic remedy ever known. Since I have been cured I have had a number of people come to me to ask what I took to cure me. To-day I have had three ladies from a distance of six miles to hear about the great remedy. There are three persons in my village that are now using it with the happiest results."

The African Antiquarian and Orientalist
Journal for November has an elaborate article from the pen of the editor, Rev. Stephen Peet, upon "The Growth of Symbolism," illustrated among other things by American Indian art. The article contributes
 "The Alligator Mound and its Surroundings." The editor fills many pages with interesting miscellany and a review of the year, and with ethnological and instructive miscellaneous notes. Chicago: F. H. Revell. \$4 a year.

The Co-operative Building Plan Association has issued a new publication, *Shoppell's Modern Homes*, bearing the title of *Shoppell's Modern Homes*. It is edited by Robert W. Shoppell and treats other architects, and is published on a large folio sheet, with 72 pages. It contains 70 designs of houses with working plans and specifications, ranging in price from \$1000 to \$10,000. It is a most interesting and instructive miscellaneous information, with architectural notes, etc. The designs are in modern style and the work must be suggestive and useful to builders and to persons about to make new homes for themselves. 24 Beekm St., New York.

The Family.

LED BY THE STAR.

Led by a star that came
And knelt at his feet;
Bringing fine gold and myrrh,
And incense sweet.
No royal sign he wore,
No robe nor ring,
Yet in their souls they knew
He was the King.

Watching their flocks by night,
Marvelous strains
Came to the shepherds on
Judea's plains.
Swift from the lips of that
Mystical throng,
Drove to their waking hearts,
Came the glad song.

And what was the song that was sung on that
wonderful, far-off morning,
When the voice of the heavenly hosts gave
the dumb shepherds warning?
What was the gift that was given to the world
that day, as far
To the place where the young Child lay, the
Wise Men followed the star?

Glorious to God on high—the infinite majesty
proving,
Peace and good-will to men, the sign of an in-
finite loving;
A gift from the soul of love—unmeasured by
earthly prices,
The song of bonhoms and truth, and beauty
and sacrifice.

The star the Wise Men saw with hope in its
gracious beaming,
The star of a countless host, still shines for a
world's redemption,
And still to the deepest depths the heart of the
world is stirred
By the song that so long ago the Judean
shepherds heard.

Sweetly the self-same strain may rise from
lips that fall;
Weakest of hands may bring the choicest of
gifts to the altar;
Against the trust and best of giving there's
never a better bar,
Wise and simple alike may follow the shining
star.

Peace and good-will to men; O bells in the
steeples, ring it!
Peace on earth and good-will; O brother to
brother, sing it!
Up to the mountain tops and down to the
valleys below,
On and on, forever let the Christmas message
go.

Ring out, O bells! O songs
Uplifting, glad and sweet,
Your music to all time belongs,
So long as hearts shall beat!
Sing, hearts, the perfect strain,
Again and yet again,
The immortal song of praise to God
And love to man.

MY CHRISTMAS DREAM.

A College Reminiscence.

BY REV. W. P. STODDARD, A. M.

One rainy day I was sitting in my
room in college, gazing at the pages of
a book lying open before me. My mind
seemed little disposed to exert itself in
comprehending the abstractions with
which the pages abounded, so I laid the
book aside, intending to resume it in a
few moments. I looked out of my win-
dow, and my eyes rested on the walls
of the opposite building. Now these
walls, built of broken stones and cement,
were never particularly attract-
ive. To be sure, they were solid enough,
but as for ascribing to them anything
that could by any stretch of imagination
be magnified into beauty, this was ridi-
culous enough even when the weather
was pleasant, but now it was simply
absurd. And yet I would not have you
think for a moment that these walls
were alone in their ugliness. Every-
thing upon which my eyes rested were
the same gloomy, barren, and utterly
desolate appearance. The rain, which
had fallen almost incessantly for three
days, seemed to have fairly saturated
the world, and either to have subtracted
for a time or to have cancelled forever
whatever beauty nature usually presents
in the month of December.

Falling to find any pleasure from
without, I closed my eyes and sought
rest in reflection. The wind went
sweeping by and between the college
buildings chanting dirges as it passed.
The rain, as it dripped, dripped, dripped
incessantly from the eaves of North
College and sifted through the leafless
branches of the elms lining the walks,
added its mournful notes. A clock in
an adjoining room beat the time regu-
larly and continuously with its steady
tick, tick, until, influenced by the
peculiar music of this strange trio—the
wind, the rain, and the clock—I
soon forgot, not only my book, the sat-
urated earth, and the dismal sights, but
the soothing music as well, and fell
asleep.

It was Christmas Eve. I was walking
through a large city—New York, I
thought. On both sides of the streets
were ranged massive buildings of brick
and stone occupying every foot of
ground rightly belonging to them and
apparently anxious to encroach on the
public thoroughfare. It had been a
cold, blustering day, and now the wind
which had swept through the streets
during the day seemed little disposed to
desist, but went shrieking ominously
among the buildings as if bent on
wreaking vengeance on some benighted
traveler. But the wind was not now
alone in possession, for the air became
full of fleecy clouds of snow which, fall-
ing on street, and house, and citizen,
covered them quickly with a mantle of
white. Men and women in carriages or
on foot were hastening in every direc-
tion. Many, doubtless, were anxiously
anticipating the pleasure of genial fire-
sides and association with loved ones
at home. Some, laden with mysterious
bundles which I strongly suspect had
opened would bring joy to many a little
one, and larger one too, hurried along.
Others tugged away at immense bags,
into which, of course, I had not the
temerity to peep, but which I was reason-
ably certain contained the turkey and
other things indispensable to a gen-
uine Christmas dinner. Still others,
wrapped in overcoats or fur-lined
cloaks, rushed by as if they had but one
object in life, and that to reach some
place of shelter. Occasionally some
poor unfortunate one would pass along,
dragging weary feet over the snow and
clad in garments so thin that it seemed
the relentless storm would drive out
what little heat the frail body contained.
Now it was a feeble old man bending
beneath the weight of years, now a little
boy or girl, and now a delicate young
woman or feeble mother with child;

but all of them so frail that every gust
of wind seemed able to blow them from
the rest of the crowd.

As all these sights passed like a living
panorama before my eyes, I remember
thinking of the multitude in that great
city who on this Christmas Eve looked
forward to no Christmas dinner on the
morrow, of the many who were never
greeted with a hearty "Merry Christ-
mas," or even with the smallest token
of a friend's esteem; of the many who
scarcely knew what Christmas meant,
or whether, indeed, there were such a
day.

My mind was busy with such thoughts
as these when a little girl crossing the
street just before me attracted my at-
tention. There was nothing peculiar
or strange in her dress, except like other
little ones whom I had met, she was
very poorly and thinly clad, but there
was something in her face that separated
her from all the rest. It had none of
those hard lines which you may see
among the lowest and poorest classes
even in children. Nor did it wear the
mournful, fawning expression which
you may see in the professional beggar-
child. Nor was it a beautiful or ex-
traordinary face such as you meet only
once in a lifetime, but it wore such an
intelligent, animated expression that
you might call it beautiful without
greatly exaggerating. Well, she has-
tened through the blinding snow, up
one street and another, until she came
to a portion of the city inhabited chiefly
by the poorer classes, then, turning
down a very narrow street, she entered
a house that stood midway in the block,
climbed up three pairs of rickety stairs,
and entering a room placed a few pieces
of money, which she had held tightly
clenched in her hand, upon the table.
The room was very scantily furnished,
but so scrupulously clean and neat that
the meagre furniture seemed forgotten
in the prevailing tidiness.

This, then, was her home. I looked
about, but could see no basket bursting
with its Christmas dinner. I saw no
stockings hanging beneath the mantel,
nor any mysterious bundles awaiting
examination on the morrow. The only
occupants of the room were a man per-
haps fifty years of age, who sat near the
table, and a woman, who, bending be-
fore him, was busily amending his stiff-
ened limbs with ointment. Sadened
by such sights and strangely interested,
I was anxious to know something of
their history.

It was the same old story of extreme
privation and hardship. For weeks
they had gone with but one poor meal a
day. They spoke of cold days when
superstices and fleeciness had retired
for the night only to shiver until morn-
ing; of sickness and great trouble. For
three long years the father had been
confined to the house with rheumatism,
and had not worked a day. The moth-
er, always in feeble health, could do lit-
tle else than minister to the invalid. An
elder daughter had been obliged to sup-
port the family with her needle, which,
even when work was abundant, fur-
nished only a meagre support, but now
in the "hard times" could not keep the
"wolf from the door." They were in the
most distressing want, and on this
Christmas Eve were without a loaf for
supper. While I tarried, the elder
daughter Alice entered the room, cov-
ered with a mantle of snow which clung
closely to her thin garments as if it
loved her. Thoroughly wearied she
sank at once into a chair, not noticing
me at first, and then excused herself in
such a courteous manner that I knew
she was a lady, and saw that she had
once been beautiful, but that poverty
had pinched her face and left only a
trace of her former beauty. Her pale,
wan face gave evidence that cruel want
had been her too constant companion
and would shortly claim her as his
prize. Her eyes were bright, and won-
drously expressive of a tender heart,
a gentle disposition, and a patient spirit.

I soon arose to go, promising to call
again on the morrow. Impressed by
what I had seen and heard, I mentally
resolved to give them such a "Merry
Christmas" as they had seldom enjoyed
before. I went down the broken stair-
ways, and when I reached the street the
snow which was still falling lay thick
upon the sidewalks. The street lamps
cast their pale light around and gave to
objects a strange, weird appearance.
Brilliant lights in the stores on the
avenue shone through the frosted panes
of glass, and, as if they, too, recognized
the fact that Christmas was at hand,
seemed to say cheerily to all who passed,
"How are you, good friend? A Merry
Christmas to you." The streets were
still alive with people passing on as
swiftly as ever, for all the world as if
everybody had special business on hand
and was in haste to finish it before the
Christmas bells began to ring. As one
of the number, you know by this time
that I certainly had a very urgent mat-
ter that demanded instant attention.
Nor was it long before I had the satisfac-
tion of realizing it, for there soon
left the provision dealer's such a market
basketful of good things as even an epic-
ure might have coveted. What did the
basket contain? Well, there was, of
course, a plump turkey, and leg of
mutton, celery, cranberries, potatoes,
onions, turnips, oranges and nuts—al-
though such a quantity of uncooked
dinner as to convince me, cynical,
crusty old bachelor as they called me,
that one family at least were to enjoy a
genuine Christmas dinner the next day.
Was my heart light? You know it was,
for you may be sure that "as it was in
the beginning, is now and ever shall be,"
it is "more blessed to give" than to
receive, and when you know it will do good and
be appreciated—"than it is to receive." This
very pleasant task performed, I
wandered about for a time, and then
with my mind full of my promised call
on Christmas day, I sought my board-
ing place for the night.

Soon I began to hear confused noises
about me. Surely it could not be thun-
der, for it was winter, and snow was
falling. The sounds became more and
more distinct. Human voices seemed
mingled with the noise. Nearer and
nearer, louder and louder it swelled, un-
til, little by little, and then—suddenly
I awoke, to find a dozen classmates in
my room! One of them had found me
asleep, and arousing others, each was
rushing his neighbor in the production
of such hideous, unearthly yells and
sounds as, I hope, are seldom heard out-
side of a mad-house. To say that I was
disappointed would be to use a very
mild expression indeed. For, though it
was but a dream, had I not been de-
prived of a visit from which I had an-
ticipated much pleasure, and of the soci-
ety of one whom I wished to meet
again, and of a meeting from which who
shall say what might have resulted to
cheer my bachelor days? But I may
finish the dream some day. Who knows?

CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. J. B. HILL.

Hark! the Christmas bells are ringing,
Ushering in the morn;
When we heard the angels singing:
"To you this day is born
Jesus, a Saviour and a King;
Children of God, His praises sing!"

Let us keep the day with gladness,
Weaving the holy gay
Into a wreath to crown the Babe
Who in the manger lay.
When shepherds watched their flocks by night
And the stars shone with wondrous light.

O happy, blessed Christmas-tide!
That day so long ago
When Immanuel veiled His glory
To save the world from woe;
And conquered death, the grave, and sin,
That we might rise and reign with Him.

And now He wears the kingly robes,
And waves the victor's palm,
For the Babe of Bethlehem is our Lord—
Prairie Him in joyful psalm
For the love which brought our Lord to earth,
And that Christmas day which saw His birth.

Livermore Falls, Me.

A DIVINE LEADER.

One of the most thrilling episodes in
Roman history is that of the battle of
Lake Regillus. You remember how, one
after another, the champions of the
young republic fell before the furious
onslaughts of the Latins. The Romans
seemed almost to have lost the day and
their independence, when suddenly at
their head appeared two youths, match-
less in form and apparel, leading another
charge against the enemy. The fainting
patriots took heart, made a final effort,
and won the day. When the battle was
done and they bethought themselves to
return thanks to their deliverers, the
young knights were not to be found.
Then they knew that they had been di-
vinely led and rescued from defeat.

The struggle against sin is a far sorer
conflict than any out of which ever
arose a state, but when man finds him-
self ready to despair and submit to de-
fect, there rings in his ears the cheering
call of a Leader before whom the powers
of evil are scattered like chaff in a tem-
pest. When this battle, too, is won,
and the panting victor asks, "Who is
this that is so 'glorious in his apparel,'
so 'mighty to save'?" he cannot but
confess in his wonder and gratitude:
"Surely this was the Son of God."

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

When the shoemaker of Antwerp came to
die,
And in fear and trembling faced the Lord
most high,
To the question stern and awful, "What
hast thou
done?"
For the King of earth and heaven doth
know,
"Lord," he answered, "others serve Thee. I
alone
Have no talent, naught to offer at Thy
throne;
Only this one thing to Thee, Lord, dare I
tell.
I have pleased the children, and they love
me well."

Then the awful hush that followed in the
sky
Suddenly was broken by a pleading cry;
By the voices of the children that arose
In the streets throughout the city, praying
thus:
"Dear Lord, we are lonely. The monks and
the saints
In the city abound,
But since the shoemaker died not a man
Have we anywhere found
Who can play the games that the children
love,
And play them so well,
Or tell us the tales of the olden time
He only could tell.
There is no one to sing us the merry old
songs
As he used to do,
Or to whistle us toys, for the rest forget how
To play the games that the children love,
Dear Lord, there are holy monks and to spare
Take one of them up to heaven, and send
The shoemaker's shining of!"

Came the sudden wondrous shining of the
smile that lights the skies,
As the King of heaven answered, "Laborer
in my vineyard, rise,
Though thou didst it for the children, thou
hast done it unto Me.
While a child on earth is living, thou its
living saint shalt be!"

Still we find the little children; still their
saint lives on the earth;
And when comes the glorious evening of the
Christ-child's holy birth,
With strange power of speech and motion
passes he from land to land.
Scattering blessings for the children every-
where with eager hand
Where no other saint may ever come
In without a word,
And his coming and his presence mean the
coming of the Lord!

—EVA L. OGDEN, in *Christian Union*.

THE OLD OLD STORY, IN ROMANCE.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. CHEREY.

Deacon Elijah Hastings was not in
sympathy with many of the popular
movements of the day, particularly
those pertaining to the services of the
sanctuary.

"I tell you, Captain," he said, in talk-
ing to his old friend and neighbor, Cap-
tain Dunham, "I tell you, I believe all
these new-fangled ways of pretending
to worship God are little better than in-
sults to the Almighty. I'm down on
the whole notion; and in a twanging,
irritated tone, "There's the Children's
Day, and a flower concert, and harvest
concerts, and Easter service, and now
there's my Rens, she's got her head
turned 'bout a Christmas service of some
kind or other they're goin' to have at

St. Paul's church down in the city on
Christmas Eve. It comes of a Lord's
day this year, for Christmas falls on a
Monday. But I tell her she shan't stir
a foot to go to't."

"Now I want that girl to get relig-
ious, but she ain't got any more notion of
servin' the Lord than one of my heifers
down to the barn has. And as to her
runnin' to the city of a Sunday, to hear
one of those screechin' choirs, or any of
those high-down sermons of the Episco-
pals, I've put my foot right down, and
she might as well give in first as last."

"She's a pretty, trim little craft,"
ventured the kindly old captain.
"Yes, pretty and smart," answered
the deacon, "and behaves herself toler-
able well so far; but law! she thinks
more of a new cloak and bonnet than
she does of her immortal soul, and she
doesn't care any more for Dr. Sewell's
sound sermons in church of a Sunday
than she does for my preachin' at home
of a week day. Ma, she says girls o' her
age will be given to the follies o' life
more or less, but I tell you, Capt. Dun-
ham, what the child wants is religion—
pure'n undefiled religion, found in the
good, old-fashioned way; church twice
a Sunday and Sunday-school; then a
sensible, unexcited prayer-meetin' in the
evenin'." To what Ma and I was
brought up to, and Rens, she ought to
follow on in the same tried tracks."

"Times and customs change some,"
said Captain Dunham meditatively.
"Yes, I should think they did,"
moaned the deacon; "I should think
they did!"

Rens Hastings was a bright, intelli-
gent girl of eighteen years. Her father,
a prosperous farmer, married rather late
in life to a good, sensible woman but
little younger than himself, had forgot-
ten all about the instincts and natural
cravings of youth. And his wife, al-
though more in sympathy with their
own handsome child and more inclined
to indulge her, yet felt that the same old
ruts in which the parents had been con-
tent to travel along, were quite good
enough for the daughter to follow in.

Their comfortable home in the country
and on a farm was yet but a very
short ride in the cars to the great popu-
lar city, and Rens, in company with
her city friend, Ida Strong, who spent
the summers in the country, had several
times visited the great metropolis.

It sorely tried both parents that Rens
did not seem to have the least leaning
towards a religious life, while such
pleasures as were within her reach were
entered into with the greatest zest and
enjoyment. Her father, struggling
against her desire for fashionable attire,
but, girl-like, she insisted that she
should never want to become a Christian
if it would involve her being dressed
like an old woman all her days; and a
few adroit cautions on the mother's
part induced the deacon to indulge her
in such things against his sterner ideas.

No nodding feathers adorned her becom-
ing hats, and her dresses were trim-
med and draped in excellent taste and in
true city style.

But poor Deacon Hastings desired it
all vanity and vexation of spirit. "To
think," he would say plaintively to his
wife, "just to think we have only one
dear child to train for glory, and she
given to followin' the weak and beggar-
ly elements of the world, with no con-
cern whatever for her eternal welfare!"

One day Capt. Dunham asked in his
grim, dry way,—
"Don't you think p'raps you hold the
lines a little too tight, Deacon, for so
mettlesome a creature? P'raps if you
give her her head a bit more she'd go
sloower; makes me think for all the
world of your chestnut mare, Deacon."
You put a check rein on her and she'll
head like all possessed, but give her her
head and she'll go fast enough, but sure,
I don't believe that harvest concert over
to the Baptist church would 'a hurt her
a bit if she'd gone to it; you see young
folks are educated up to a higher plane
now-a-days than you and I was; it's the
spirit of the age, and means progress
after all. I'd let her out a bit."

But Deacon Hastings almost resented
such a proposition from a man who
never had a daughter to rear in his life.
But if he never had a daughter, the
shrewd old captain had a son who was
the pride and comfort of his father's
heart. Report said that in his younger
years Jack Dunham undertook to sow
some pretty wild oats; his mother was
dead, so no yearning counsels went out
from her lips towards the wayward son,
but somehow his father used to follow
him around with no reproaches, but with
such wonderful patience and loving per-
sistence, that at all once Jack broke
down, gave up all his fast associates
and trying habits, and took to studying
with all his might. And now not a fam-
ily in the place but was glad of a smile
of recognition from the rising city law-
yer, Mr. John Dunham.

Yet with all his watchfulness and anx-
iety, Deacon Hastings failed to observe
that for several weeks Rens had seemed
drooping and despondent at times.
Something had induced a change which
it would have been well-nigh impossible
to describe exactly. Her mother, fond
and indulgent, was vaguely conscious
that Rens was not quite herself.

"I think," she said one night to her
husband, "that something or other's
come over our Rens. She's gay
enough part of the time, then again
she appears as if she was pining for
something way beyond her reach."

"Doesn't get invited to parties
enough to satisfy her," said the deacon
complainingly; "doesn't get chances
enough to air her fine feathers and sum-
mery in the way o' dress. I do hope
she'll learn the way o' salvation, and not
go on slightin' the Spirit o' grace until
it's too late to repent!"

Poor, dear child! She was groping
after the very Spirit her zealous but
mistaken father thought she meant to re-
sist. But she was almost as uncon-
scious that such was the case as was her
father himself. Religion and the duties
of a Christian life had never been pre-
sented to her in an alluring light. They
appeared to her young eyes so austere
as to repel, so binding as to be only bur-
densome.

It is a blessed fact, however, that the
children of truly pious parents inherit
an instinctive sense of need, even when
living the farthest from Christ. The in-
fluence of prayers heard and unheard by
the child acts as a kind of magnet, draw-
ing the soul toward it. It may be the
stratagem draws but slowly; but none
the less surely—it draws.

Rens was beginning to notice that
nothing she possessed or experienced re-
ally satisfied. When her ambition to have
pretty clothing was gratified, she felt
pleased for a little while, but she soon
found there was no lasting enjoyment
connected with merely having handsome
attire. When she attended the gay parties
always keenly anticipated, it seemed
charming to give herself up for the time
being to gaiety and pleasure; then it
palled on her, and she began to realize
that the charm was too fleeting to be
highly prized. Was there nothing in
life for the young which could afford
solid or lasting comfort?

And so an undefined craving for she
knew not what, gradually gave an ex-
pression of discontent to her face and of
listlessness to her manner, so soon does
a spirit of unrest manifest itself in the
unstudied ways of the young.

[Concluded next week.]

The Little Folks.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS CONCERT SONG.

BY REV. S. B. SWEETSER.

We come with happy hearts to-night,
Like bells our pulses chime,
To greet within this Sabbath home,
The merry Christmas time.
The earth without is cold and drear,
But through the night air,
Still gleams upon the eye of faith
That tranquil Christmas star.

That star which o'er the manger bent
Shines now a glorious sun;
And while earth's shadows fade away,
Sweeps upward a ill to noon.
The cradle, cross and tomb to us
One glorious anthem sing,
"Hosanna to the Lord of Lords,
Hark! the Saviour and our King!"

Hosannas of the children ring
The temple courts along;
The very stones must shout His praise
If He should ever enter song.
Our hearts be Thy true temples, Lord,
Where love's pure fervent flame
Shall kindle raptures on our tongues,
To praise Thy lovely name.

In ready rades by the stream
The infant Moses slept;
But 'neath a maiden's tender gaze
The babe looked up and wept.
With angel-melancholy, sad,
"Holy and undimmed,"
God's shadowless peace upon his face,
Lay Mary's Blessed Child.

No tears for him, till at the door
Of Lazarus' grave he wept.
Obedient looked; and 'neath the shade,
Sin's awful vigil kept.
O man of Sorrows! may Thy grief
Melt down our hearts in tears;
So shall the smile of Bethlehem's Babe
Like sunlight crown our years!

Thy reign of love shall never cease,
O Child of Bethlehem!
The healing "Tree of Life" art Thou,
Son of Jesse's stem!
Thy hand shall smite earth's ill, proud sore
Till soft as flesh it turn;
Thy voice shout "welcome" to Thy saints,
When trembling spirits shall burn.

Earth yet shall sing that song of old,
"Peace, peace, good-will to men;"
Its wounded bosom healed from curse,
E'en shall bloom again.
The blood of Abel cease to cry;
Swords into "scythes" be beat;
And "Righteousness and Peace shall kiss,"
And "Truth and Mercy meet."

Bring in, O Lord, that age of gold,
This Christmas hour we pray!
The world is hoary grown with wrong;
Why do Thy chariot stay?
Pat Thon Thy trumpet to Thy lips,
Strike all earth's diabolical reign;
Bring in Thy long millennium;
"Come, Saviour, quickly come!"

HARD TIMES.

A Christmas Story.

"No Christmas! Why, father?"—
"I tell you times are hard, wife; and
I can't afford to fool money away in such
trifles."

"No Christmas!" echoed the children,
with wide-open blue eyes, which began
to fill with tears in spite of every effort
to keep them back.

Mr. Harbury was not an unkind man
nor a miser, by any means. He was
only one of the thousands who are feel-
ing pinched for money in these days, on
every side. When his wife proposed
the usual Christmas outlay, the very
thought of the expense irritated him.

"What have you got to show for your
money next day?" he asked. "Noth-
ing but a sliced tree and half a dozen
toys. I tell you we must give it up this
year. It's getting to be altogether too
much of a burden."

The children crept away to bear their
disappointment as best they could. As
was their custom, they held a sort of
council of war in the entry corner under
the stairs. By "war," I don't mean the
bad kind, but a war against sour faces
and ugly thoughts and ill-temper. And
when Susie, Polly, and Dick Harbury
united forces in this way, they were
pretty sure to come out of their corner
with sunshine in their faces and the en-
emy beaten all out of sight.

"Now," began Susie, swallowing
hard and drawing her hand quickly
across her eyes, "what are we going to
do—give up Christmas, every bit?"

"I don't believe papa wants us to
do that," maintained Polly, stoutly.
"He only just don't want to spend."

"That's so!" exclaimed Dick. "Why
can't we manage to have a sort of
Christmas that won't cost any money?"

"And surprise them both?"

"Good! Won't it be fun?"

The enemy, ill-temper, who is always
doing about in the rear of Disappoint-
ment, ran off as fast as he could, per-
sued by half a dozen gleeful little laughs
from the children, which were as horri-
ble to the ugly old fellow as red-hot bul-
lets or coals of fire.

Plans were rapidly made, and a part
allotted to each of the three con-
spirators. It was already the tenth day

of December; and they had to work fast,
I can tell you.

First, there were the presents to pre-
pare. For their mother, Dick whittled
out some wooden crochets, needles, round-
ing and sand-papering them nicely, until
they really looked quite "like store neu-
des," as his admiring sisters remarked.
Meanwhile, the girls worked together on a
little "crazy-quilt" sofa-cushion.
There were odds and ends of goods
about the house that could be put to no
other use; and, when at length it was
completed, it looked as "crazy" as the
gayest sample at the art rooms, besides
being very comfortable. The children
all tested it, making with their heads a
little hollow in the middle that fitted
them, lest it shouldn't come out full
again. But it did, and, being patted
and smoothed into shape, was hidden
with the needles.

For their father, the task was more
difficult. Again and again, as he was
proposed and rejected, either as "spen-
sive" or unsuitable.

At last, Dick hit upon a lucky thought.
"A cane!" said he. "I can walk out of
town a mile or two, and cut a nice,
smooth stick, and peel the bark and cut
his initials on the handle."

"And get some little twigs for me,"
cried Susie, "and I'll make a frame for
our three pictures. There are some old
photographs in the table drawer up-
stairs, that will be just as good as if we
had them taken now."

But the most profound plan of all was
that for obtaining a Christmas tree and
evergreen. There was a large market
down town, where Mr. Harbury had
been accustomed to buy his decorations
of this sort; and to that market went
Dick, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed,
early in the afternoon of the 24th.

"I'll take this tree, and a bunch of
holly there, and half a dozen wreaths,"
a portly gentleman was just saying,
as Dick stepped up to the counter. How
I can get them home, though," he added
doubtfully. "I don't suppose you can
send them, in all this rush?"

"I'll take them, sir!" Dick was
ready, and evidently meant what he said.
The portly gentleman, who had been
looking so bright and cheery that the
gentleman smiled as he patted him on
the shoulder and handed him a silver
quarter, at the same time giving him an
address at the other end of the city.
Dick thanked him, and staggered off
under his load of evergreen. In an in-
credibly short space of time (having run
all the way back), he was at the market
again, ready for another job. The
owner of the stand was pleased at his
promptness, and he was soon off once
more, with an additional fifteen cents in
his pocket. By supper-time, he had
earned a dollar and five cents.

"Now, sir, if you please, I must go
home," said Dick, pausing for his last
run, please. "And, if you please, I should
like to spend this for a tree and wreaths
and evergreen trimming."

It is safe to say that the boy had car-
ried no heavier load that day than that
which he half-carried and half-dragged
to his own home. The generous
market-man had supplied him at half
price, "seein' your're sort of in the
business, you know," he said with a
laugh.

If Mr. Harbury had not happened to
be late that night, it would have been
an utter impossibility to smuggle all
that evergreen in at the back door; but,
by their united efforts, the three accom-
plished the task. After supper, they
began the use of the parlor for a little
while.

"A new game, I suppose," said their
mother to Mr. Harbury, and left them
alone in the room.

Work! Well, I wish you could have
seen them. Even the cat could have peeped
in and taken a few lessons in industry,
if they had known of the chance; and
bees were nowhere!

In about an hour, the children, with
flushed faces and shining eyes, request-
ed their parents to soberly as they
could, to step down stairs a minute.
Polly went ahead and threw open the
door.

It was like walking into a deep, frag-
rant forest; it was like looking into a
lovely, faithfulness sky,

Church News.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gleanings.—The money for "the corner lot" of St. James' Church has all been raised. It amounts to \$850. The trustees of that society have appointed Rev. J. M. Avann, Mr. Wm. A. Butterfield and Frank T. Dickey a building committee for the new parsonage to be erected thereon. The contract for the building has already been let to a responsible builder. The total cost will be a little less than \$2,000. It is to be a two-and-a-half-story frame house with twelve rooms, besides halls, pantries, and closets. It will be temporarily arranged for two families. One-half is already let for \$150 a year. The preacher at St. James will pay rent for the other half, and thus the interest, taxes, and insurance will be met, and the building paid for itself in ten years or less. So that ultimately the society will come into possession of a fine parsonage without a dollar of cost to them. The plans and specifications are by Mr. Butterfield, who is the architect of both the Methodist churches of Manchester, and the parsonage of St. Paul's, and under his supervision the work is sure to be well done. If any of our societies are thinking of building or remodeling, we need only send them to the Manchester churches, or to Epping, where their house of worship is about completed according to the plans of this same architect.

The church in Hinsdale is still at work upon "that debt." Early in the summer twenty collection barrels were placed in the hands of as many children, with instructions to gather in the pennies, nickels, etc., for the debt. Wednesday evening, Nov. 18, an entertainment was given, and the barrels opened. The counting showed that the little ones had gathered over \$12. At the town fair held a few weeks since, the society had the privilege of furnishing dinners to the multitude by means of which they cleared nearly \$75. This reduces the indebtedness to less than \$700. If we could only get that amount, that old debt would be a thing of the past. The N. H. Conference of 1885 voted to permit the pastor of this church to pass through the Conference to make collections for the church. This never has been done. Will not the brethren take this collection and save the expense of travel? The M. E. Church in Brattleboro, Vt., although heavily burdened itself, recently took a collection and raised over \$7. Cannot churches in our own Conference do as much as this?

The *Lawrence Daily American* of a few days ago thus speaks of the business condition and outlook of that city:—

"For the first time in the history of our city, has the hand of business depression been so heavily laid upon our industries as to cause an actual reduction in population; the very general curtailment of work upon all of the large corporations the past two years, and the entire stoppage of the Washington and the Woolen Mills, has driven from our city, in search of employment elsewhere, hundreds of families and put a burden upon many others. The already improvement is scarcely felt in the community yet, and even should the new Washington Company be put in operation in the early spring, confidence will not be restored nor good times come during the approaching year."

The great Washington Corporation named, is located nearest Garden Street Church, and from this industry comes a large proportion of its attendants and membership. This will enable the churches of the Conference to appreciate the trying experience, and yet unwonted success, under the circumstances, of this church, in these years of depression.

Rev. Thomas Harrison, the noted evangelist, is engaged to begin a series of revival services at St. Paul's, Manchester, the evening after Christmas. This, it is stated, is his first appearance in New England for revival work. Three services a day are to be held. It is hoped it will be a great event for the cause of Christ in that city.

The Methodist Church at Exeter was crowded to its utmost capacity last Sabbath to hear Dr. Buckley, who was advertised to preach. It was a rare treat to those who heard him. His text was, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

Arrangements are being made for a monster mass missionary meeting at Lawrence, January 5 and 6, with Chaplain McCabe, Dr. Butler and wife, and Dr. Baldwin. The cry will be, "A million for missions."

MAINE.

Rev. Dr. Bashford received ten persons on probation, Dec. 6, and fifteen into full membership with Chestnut St. Portland.

Rev. H. Chase, of Old Orchard, has been holding revival meetings the past two weeks. He took missionary subscriptions last Sabbath, and reached the million-dollar line.

Dr. J. H. Vincent has been spending a few days in Maine, lecturing in the Y. M. C. A. courses at Portland and Augusta, and for the M. E. Church in Auburn. He spent Sabbath, Dec. 13, with Brother G. D. Lindsay, occupying his pulpit. A reception was given him Saturday evening by the C. L. S. C.

Rev. J. H. Trask, of Elliot, is enjoying prosperity on his charge. In addition to others who have sought the Lord, a young man arose for prayers last Sunday evening. The kindness of the generous people on this charge has been shown in a great many ways the past two years, and recently the ladies presented Mrs. Trask with a generous sum of money with which to purchase a new clock.

of great power, several came forward for prayers. One young man, after starting for home, returned, and rushed into the church crying for mercy.

YORK.—The Epworth Hymnal has been introduced into the Sunday-school and prayer-meeting at York in the following manner: In the month of September the pastor, Bro. J. A. Corey, organized a singing school which numbered more than forty members. A small tuition was charged, the pastor himself acting as teacher. After some eighteen lessons a concert of sacred song was given, on the evening of Dec. 3. Seventeen selections from the Epworth Hymnal were rendered by the chorus class with excellent effect. The proceeds of the concert (\$21.25) will pay certain articles of furniture for the new parsonage. On the following Sunday the Hymnal was introduced into the Sunday-school and prayer-meeting; hymns and tunes having been already learned by many of the young people in attendance. We commend Bro. Corey's plan to the attention of other pastors.

EAST MAINE.

BANGOR DISTRICT.
The reports of the last quarterly conference at Bangor show that this year has been one of unusual religious interest. It has pleased God to bless the various efforts of His people in the salvation of many souls. In Bangor thirty-six have joined the class; in Sangerville thirteen. Seventeen have received baptism. One of the sons of the pastor, Bro. Skinner, is numbered among the happy converts. A Christian Association was formed early in the season by the young people, which has proved a source of untold good, both to those who have worked, and to the people of the neighborhoods where the labor has been bestowed. *Extendis* their battery, and by it they have conquered and carried the Gospel into the regions beyond. The Sunday-school library has been replenished in Bangor, and in Sangerville a new library has been obtained, and a new church organ, largely by the liberality of Mr. Campbell.

Bro. Boynton, of Dexter, assisted by Bro. Hill, has been conducting meetings at the "Head of the Pond" in Ripley. Twenty persons are seeking a home in Christ, and all the people seem thoughtful of their souls' salvation.

More than twenty give evidence of the new life at Palmyra, where Brother Southard has been holding special services.

Bro. Winslow received fifteen into the church at Dover last week.

A good interest has prevailed in five districts of the Bangor circuit, and twenty persons have been hopefully converted.

Bro. Towle is engaged in a good religious interest at Plymouth. Eight have sought Christ, and we look for more to follow.

Bro. Walker, of Lagrange, is in the midst of earnest Christian work. Several have been converted on the charge and joined the classes, and two have been received in full. The Bradford people manifested their interest in the pastor by having a generous gathering for his interest.

At Atkinson, Bro. Winslow has received seven on probation during the quarter, and in the Gould district eight have sought Christ.

CONNECTICUT.

We clip the following from the *New London Day*, in relation to our esteemed presiding elder and wife:—

"A large number of friends of Rev. Henry D. and Mrs. Robinson gathered at their residence Monday evening to congratulate them upon the occurrence of the 25th anniversary of their marriage and to show their esteem and love for the couple. At 8 o'clock the house was filled with people. Rev. J. C. Gowan of Niantic, offered prayer. Rev. Mr. Hawkins, of the Methodist Church, followed with some very happy remarks which were exceedingly enjoyable to the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, and manifested the affection and good-will of all who met to observe the anniversary. Mrs. Joel Hawkins read an original poem, which was heartily applauded. Mr. Robinson spoke briefly, and was visibly moved by the affection which had been shown by the party. The evening passed pleasantly with singing and social conversation. The presents were very handsome, and will be highly prized by the recipients."

Bro. Robinson is trying by personal and other efforts to bring his district up to "the million dollar line," and the effort promises to be a success.

Gale's Ferry.—A good degree of religious interest prevails here. Some twenty have already commenced a new life.

Norwich, Central Church.—Bro. Stratton has been holding extra meetings for several weeks, having been assisted by Sister L. M. Boyd, Revs. C. C. Lathrop and A. Hart. A good work of grace has been wrought among Christians, and twelve or more have sought the Lord.

Norwich Town.—Bro. Baker is encouraged with an increased spiritual interest. Three rose for prayers, Dec. 6. Bro. Baker is planning for an extra effort soon. God grant him a powerful work!

Quarryville.—Here the church has been much encouraged and strengthened by a series of extra meetings, which have just closed. Several have entered "the straight way," and others are seeking "the way."

Rockville.—Three have recently been received into full membership, the congregation and Sunday-school have increased somewhat in numbers, and a more general spirit of hopefulness prevails. A series of lectures have been held, and the lectures of Rev. O. S. Bakel on "Sights and Insights at Chattanooga," and Rev. C. B. Pitblado, on "Men for the Times," are especially alluded to as making a healthful impression. The whole series was a success.

Obituaries.

[Hereafter, all obituaries (with the exception of those already on hand) will be limited to a maximum of forty lines each, in small type; and for every line exceeding this number, the usual advertising rates—twenty cents a line—will be charged.]

Died, in Sidney, Maine, Nov. 7, 1885, ROBERT R. DRYDEN, aged 68 years. Some twelve years since, Bro. Drummond, under the labors of Rev. N. C. Clifford, gave his heart to God and united with the M. E. Church of Sidney. Though late in life when embracing the Saviour, his conversion was thorough and clear, and so apparent became his faith, exhibited by good works and his trust in Christ for salvation, that all who knew him were convinced beyond question that a very marked change had taken place in him. From the time of his conversion to his death, he ever maintained unshaken confidence in the God he had learned to love and serve. Though diffident and quiet in his public Christian life, his unadorned sincerity left its impress on the circle in which he moved.

His opportunities for church worship and service were much limited; still he was ever ready and willing to bear his part of the burdens in the work of the church, doing to the extent of his ability cheerfully and heartily, and it may be truly said that his whole Christian life and confession were adorned by conscientious and loving fidelity to duty in his family, in the community, and in the church. The Bible was his constant study, and it became to him "the book of books," his lips ever speaking forth its precious truths.

His last sickness was brief indeed, being only two or three days in duration, so that his death came so unexpectedly that it fell like a panic stroke upon the entire community, especially upon the immediate family and relatives. The large place that he had won in the hearts of the people among whom he had lived all his days, was evinced by the great congregation that gathered at his funeral obsequies; and the many who were bereaved by the loss of a dear and devoted brother, we could but rejoice amid our grief and tears in the fact that our heavy loss was his triumph.

A widow and nine children survive him, upon whom this cloud of sorrow and bereavement rests with crushing weight, and our prayer is that the Father of mercies will send the great Sympathizer—their Saviour—who shall be wonderfully comforted and sustained the remainder of life, so that at the "grand review" there shall be a most happy reunion.

MARTHA J. PIPER, wife of Joseph L. Piper, was born at Searsville, Maine, Dec. 10, 1826, and died at East Boston, Sept. 20, 1885.

She was of Methodist parentage, and enjoyed during her childhood such privileges as were afforded by the circuit preaching of those days. When she was thirteen years of age, during a gracious revival, she was led to give her heart to the Lord, and for thirty years she was a faithful and devoted Christian. She spent most of her time in her native place and in Newburyport until 1857, when she was married to Bro. Piper, at Newburyport, and immediately removed to East Boston, and became a member of Meridian Street M. E. Church, retaining active membership until 1864, when the family removed to Winthrop, where she at once took a very active and hearty interest in all the affairs of the church. Her home was the scene of much prayer and visiting ministers, and she always united heartily with her husband in all his service to the church. She was a devoted mother of ten children, and a faithful wife for thirty years of this period, and sometimes prevented from attending church for many months together. While she kindly felt her deprivation from the public means of grace, she retained the deepest interest in the church's welfare, and experienced in a large measure the Saviour's presence at home.

The family returned to East Boston in 1879, and became connected with the Saratoga Street Church. For several years she was able to go out but little, but for two years preceding the spring of 1885, she was much improved in health, and enjoyed with a grateful heart the privileges of former days. During this period she was active in every good work, and since April last, she has been again a suffering invalid, often enduring great pain from neuralgia, and at times from paralysis occasioned by the repeated and severe neuralgic attacks.

Her experience during these later months was calm and clear, and she retained to the end an unobtrusive kind, but deep and genuine. She gave but little of her time to social and secular things, but she was a devoted mother, and in her domestic life she was a faithful wife. When suffering most severely, she seized upon the few moments of relief during the day to read the Bible. When unable to read for many days, she retained the deepest interest in the church's welfare, and experienced in a large measure the Saviour's presence at home.

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Bro. Joseph M. Pike entered eternal life, Nov. 13, 1885, aged 63 years, 7 months. He came to Boston in his twentieth year from his home in Maine. When he was about thirty-five, he became a member of the First Baptist Church of Boston, and remained in that church until his death. He was a devoted husband and father, and a faithful member of the church.

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HUMILIATING "EUREKA" Eruptions ITCHING AND BURNING TORTURES

AND EVERY SPECIES OF ITCHING, SCALY, PIMPLY, INHERITED, SCROFULOUS, AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES OF THE SKIN, AND SCALP, WITH LOSS OF HAIR, FROM INFANCY TO OLD AGE, ARE POSITIVELY CURED BY THE CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the cause. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp, heals sores, and restores the Hair. CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Eruptions, Chapped and Oily Skin. Sold everywhere. Price CUTICURA, 60c.; RESOLVENT, 25c.; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the PORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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USE ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALM. SAM—has a pleasant honey, Coughs, colds and asthma, which lead to consumption, have been speedily cured by the use of ADAMSON'S BALM after all other cough medicines have failed. Sufferers from either recent or chronic cough and bronchial affections can resort to this great remedy, confident of obtaining speedy relief. Do not fail.

ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALM and the unparalleled sale of ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALM, the first dose broke the cough, and it was better at once. After using one 75-cent bottle I was cured. I have no hesitation in recommending it.

Mrs. Henderson, of New York City writes: "I had not slept for forty-eight hours" was coughing all the time. My brother bought a bottle of ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALM, the first dose broke the cough, and it was better at once. After using one 75-cent bottle I was cured. I have no hesitation in recommending it.

"My husband had a cold on his chest, and after using ADAMSON'S BALM, he was relieved of all his troubles. I am now well, and I can say that ADAMSON'S BALM is a great remedy for all coughs and colds. I have no hesitation in recommending it." Mrs. H. C. SOMERS, Ho El Elm, 143 Broadway, New York.

Druggists of all cities. See that the name of W. KINGSMAN is blown in the glass of the bottle. W. KINGSMAN & CO., Druggists, 343 4TH AVENUE, NEW YORK. Price 15c. and 75c.

Fistula AND PILES

DR. S. T. BIRMINGHAM, Native Botanic Physician.

(Formerly of 68 Cambridge St., N. Y.)

Such a practical and well-known physician as Dr. Birmingham, who for 18 years past has successfully treated thousands of cases of fistula, needs but little or no advertising to enlarge his business. But for the sake of those suffering from ailments that other doctors have tried, without success, to cure, he has taken this method to advise them to consult the honest and capable old native Indian Physician, Dr. Birmingham. He will tell you plainly the cause of your sickness, and will cure you with nature's remedies. He has no patent medicine, and he has no patent medicine, and he has no patent medicine. He has no patent medicine, and he has no patent medicine, and he has no patent medicine.

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R. R. CABLE, E. ST. JOHN, Print & Gen'l



Zion's Herald

THE CALENDAR, 1886.

JANUARY		FEBRUARY		MARCH		APRIL		MAY		JUNE		JULY		AUGUST		SEPTEMBER		OCTOBER		NOVEMBER		DECEMBER	
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86 Bromfield Street, Boston.

The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, December 15.

One miner killed and several others badly injured by an explosion of gas in the Mill Creek mine, near Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Celebration by the town of Woburn, Mass., of the opening of the main line of the Boston and Lowell railroad through the place.

Four persons drowned by breaking through the ice in Mississippi Bay at Philadelphia, Va.

The decision of the supreme court of Utah in the case of Angus M. Cannon affirmed by the United States Supreme Court, six months imprisonment and a fine of \$300 being the sentence of the Utah court.

Refusal by the Salisbury cabinet to form an alliance with the Panlois.

Wednesday, December 16.

Mayor O'Brien of this city re-elected.

Death of Gen. Robert Tombs in Washington, Ga., aged 75 years.

Rapid spread of the epidemic among the horses in Chicago.

Property valued at \$100,000 destroyed by fire in Wilmington, Del.

Ten persons killed, three fatally injured, and eleven others badly bruised, by a collision of passenger trains on the Georgia Pacific railroad near Atlanta.

A willingness expressed by Prince Alexander to disarm, if the Servians will evacuate Widin and indemnify Bulgaria for war losses.

Adolph Duersch (radical) elected President of Switzerland.

Dispersion of the Back Flagg and pirates in the Marble mountains north of Hai Duong, by the French forces in Tonquin.

Thursday, December 17.

Subsidence of the excitement over the threatened Mormon uprising in Salt Lake City.

Discovery of a plot in San Francisco, Cal., for the assassination of some of the most prominent citizens.

Eleven Europeans, while trying to escape from Buah, massacred by Burmese troops under command of a palace official.

Adjournment of the German Reichstag until Jan. 8.

Occurrence of a rupture in the ranks of the royalist party in Spain.

Friday, December 18.

Celebration by the poet Whittier, yesterday, at his home in Danvers, of his 75th birthday.

Occurrence of the funeral of Gen. Robert Tombs in Washington, Ga.

Decision by United States Judge McCoy against the liquor men at every point in the contested election case.

Property valued at \$450,000 destroyed by a disastrous fire in Jacksonville, Fla.

Sixteen vessels, with their crews, lost during the recent gale at Aspinwall, Colombia. The damage to property very great.

Prince Alexander appointed by the Sultan of Turkey governor for life over East Roumelia with rights of succession.

Saturday, December 19.

Thirty miners imprisoned in one of the mines of the Saguache Coal Company by the rapid rising of the waters. A large party working for their rescue.

The sum of \$73,822 realized by the sale of paintings belonging to the late George Whittier of Philadelphia.

Passage in the Senate and House of a bill granting a pension of \$5,000 to the widow of the late General Grant.

Suspension of operations in the Singer Sewing Machine Company's Works at Elizabeth, N. J., in consequence of tax troubles with the city comptroller, throwing three thousand workmen out of employment.

Two-thirds of the wheat crop in the North-west estimated as sold.

Continuation of the excitement in England over the question of home rule for Ireland.

A young man and woman arrested in London for attempting to blackmail the Prince of Wales.

The Sarvin troops reported as having withdrawn from the Widdin district.

Monday, December 21.

The landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth in 1820 celebrated by special gatherings in this city.

Continuation of the search for the entombed Nanticoke (Pa.) miners—fruitless as yet.

Suspension of the City Bank of Houston, Texas, one of the oldest financial institutions in that city.

Sudden death of ex-Gov. Hiland Hall, of Vermont, at Springfield.

Many hundreds of persons killed by an explosion of dynamite in a Siberian mine.

Over 4,400 buildings destroyed and eighteen lives lost during a typhoon in the Philippine Islands.

Gen. Sepulveda released from prison in Monterey, Mexico.

The Queen of Roumania has written three articles, giving glimpses of the country over which she reigns, for the Youth's Companion.

A CARD FROM D. L. MOODY.—Two days and nights, a dormitory, dining hall and kitchen, have been erected by the friends of the Mount Hermon School at Gill, Massachusetts. These buildings are to be occupied by 200 boys and young men in addition to the 100 now on the place. These buildings are all complete except the furnishing. To enable them to be occupied it will require about ten thousand dollars (\$10,000). It will cost about \$50 to furnish each room. We have now more students than the buildings will hold waiting for admittance, many of them young men of great promise. Will not some of our readers, who are friends to Christian Education, help in this work? They can remit to Wm. F. Lee, Treasurer, 679 Madison Avenue, New York, or to myself at Northfield, Massachusetts. D. L. MOODY.

If you are in want of the celebrated Maine Balsam Fir for pillows and mattresses, address William H. Morgage, Castine, Maine.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Joel McComber, New York. He is one of the most reliable manufacturers of custom boots and shoes, making them from the very best stock, and on lasts which will give ease and comfort to all who wear his work. To all who wish it, he will send directions for measuring the feet so that particular care will be given by letter, which will assure a satisfactory fit in all cases. See advertisement.

DIVIDENDS.—At this season of the year one important question with many people is, "How shall we invest our dividends, or surplus funds?" In answering this question, three things should be considered: first, the safety of the security; second, the income, or rate, which the security will yield; and third, the reputation and standing of the party making the investment. For many years past the confidence of Eastern people in carefully selected Western first mortgage farm loans has been steadily increasing, and thousands and thousands have been buying life, or only earning two or three per cent. in the savings banks of the East, have been sent to reliable bankers and loaning agents in the West for investment at a much higher rate. The whole secret of making successful investments in the West consists in being right on the ground and having a personal acquaintance with men, lands, and values. Above all these things, however, and of more importance even, is the question of the judgment, carefulness and honesty of the man making the loans, and to whom you send your money. Business sagacity and business integrity are of vital importance, and are yearly strengthened and improved. A man who has served his clients faithfully and well for six or ten years is entitled to and should receive more confidence and trust than a stranger. During ten years and more, E. P. Gates, president of the Merchants' Bank, Grand Forks, Dakota, has been investing money in the West for Eastern men. For upwards of five years we have had business dealings with him, and know that he has invested thousands upon thousands of dollars for our readers in all parts of the United States. We have never heard a word of bad faith, carelessness and honesty of doing business. All who have invested with him, so far as we have ever heard, are pleased and satisfied. He has had large experience in this business, has a very high business reputation, and conducts his business on the most careful and conservative basis. The manager of our advertising department visited him three years ago, and looked over his business and the country in which he was making loans. Mr. Gates was found to be one of the prominent and most successful business men in Northern Dakota—a man having the respect and confidence of every one apparently, and giving personal supervision to his large and growing business. Among Mr. Gates' references are some of the best known clergymen, business men and educators of the country, men for whom he has been making investments during the last ten years. Money can be sent him for investment any time, by drafts to his order on Boston or New York, and he will give the investing of it careful and immediate attention. Mr. Gates will send circular, new map of Dakota, and letters from old customers, free on application.—*Congregationalist.*

NOTICE.—Bromfield Street Church will close the year with a watch-night service. It will also observe the Week of Prayer with a daily noon prayer-meeting, as well as an evening service.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—A prayer-meeting in the interest of the W. P. M. Society will be held in the Bromfield St. Church, on Wednesday of the Week of Prayer, Jan. 6, at 3 p. m.

A general attendance of the women of the N. E. Branch is desired. All who cannot be present are invited to observe this hour, either as individuals or in auxiliary meetings, and unite with us in prayer for a blessing on the work and the workers; and especially that the "Lord would send forth more laborers into His vineyard."

Per order of Gen. Ex. Com. of the N. E. Branch of W. P. M. S.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

AUGUSTA DISTRICT—THIRD ROUND.

(Third and Fourth Quarters.)

26, 27, p. m., Oakland; 27, a. m., Sidney.

2, 3, Monmouth; 27, a. m., Wayne;

9, 10, Wilton; 27, a. m., Strong;

10, Farmington, supplied; 26, Phillips;

11, eve, Keat's Hill; 26, a. m., Kingfield;

20, 21, p. m., New Portland;

6, 7, Mercer; 26, a. m., South Amos;

12, 14, North Augusta; 26, a. m., North Amos;

15-17, Prescho's Meeting; 26, p. m., Madison;

20, 21, Soio; 27, 15, Leeds, supplied.

6, 7, Bretton's Mills; 26, a. m., Temple;

8, East Livermore; 26, a. m., New Sharon;

9, Livermore Falls; 26, Farmington Falls;

13, 14, Skowhegan; 26, a. m., Mount Vernon;

14, Wilton; 26, a. m., Keat's Hill;

15, East Wilton; 26, a. m., Broadfield Corner;

20, 21, Farmington; 26, Wayne;

20, Oakland;

2, p. m., and eve, Monmouth; 18, a. m., Fairfield Corner;

3, 4, Winthrop; 24, 25, p. m., Waterville;

10, 11, Hallowell; 25, a. m., Fairfield Centre;

11, 12, eve, Augusta; 25, a. m., Waterville, Me.

W. POTTER.

CONCORD DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

Haverhill, 9, eve, and 10, a. m.;

Piermont, 10, p. m., and 11, a. m.;

No. Haverhill, 11, eve; Gliford Village, 22, eve, and Woodville, 12, eve;

Landon, 14, eve; Laconia, 24, eve, and 25, a. m.;

Jackson, 16, eve, and 17, a. m.;

Lancaster, 15, eve, and 16, a. m.;

Rumney, 18, eve; Plymouth, 13, eve;

East Haverhill, 6, eve, and 7, a. m.;

Warren, 5, eve, and 6, a. m.;

E. Concord, 13, eve, and 14, a. m.;

E. Concord, 14, p. m.;

Whitefield, 6, eve, and 7, a. m.;

Bethlehem, 7, eve, and 8, a. m.;

Littletown, 9, eve;

Lyman, 16, eve;

No. Monro, 11, eve;

Swiftnet & Benton, 13, eve, and 14, a. m.;

Chichester, 16, eve;

APRIL.

Concord, 1st Ch., 2, eve, Baker Memorial, 9, eve, and 11, a. m.;

Pennacook, 4, eve, and 5, a. m.;

Concord, N. H., 6, W. NORRIS.

BANGOR DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.

DOVER, 27, by E. H. Boynton.

JAN.

Levant, 2, 3; Winterport, 16, eve, and 17, a. m.;

Arzyle, 7; 17, a. m.;

Exeter, 9, 10; Hampton, 15, p. m., and 17, a. m.;

Brownville, 10, by G. G. Winslow;

Laurens & Bradford, Oldtown & Arzyle, 24, by P. F. Brown;

10, by W. Leonard; Corinth, 24, by J. Thibault;

G. R. FOLMER.

(The Q. M. appointments of the Providence and Norwich districts have arrived, and will appear in full next week.)

Dainty Designs

In French Lamp Shades. Something entirely novel and especially fitted for the new style of Tall Duplex Extension Lamps, used for lighting Hall or Parlor.

R. HOLLINGS & CO.

Manufacturers and Importers,

547 WASHINGTON ST.,

Next to Adams House.

7% NET

Security 5 to 10% interest

and paid at your home

residence, and 10th of business. No interest over had to pay taxes, or other

expenses, or to pay for anything. No

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D. S. B. JOHNSON & SON,

Regulators of Mortgage Loans,

MENTION THIS PAPER. ST. PAUL, MINN.

KEEP WARM

Use Mayall's Weather Tubing for Doors and Windows. Wholesale and retail by S. NOYES, 424, Agent, 90 Chancery St. Agents Wanted Everywhere.

"WOOD'S" GENUINE SELECTED SPICES. Fragrant, Aromatic, Economical. THOS. WOOD & CO., BOSTON.

Chapped Hands and Sore Lips Cured By using Philyria's Camphor Ice. Sold by THOMPSON & MINER, 63 Hanover Street.

AGENTS WANTED FOR LIVE COALS.

By T. De Wit Talmage, D. D. This new work from his pen will be hailed by the people. It is a book of comfort, and a book of warning, and a book of hope. It is a book of the old and new, and a book of the future. It is a book of the heart, and a book of the head, and a book of the hand. It is a book of the soul, and a book of the body, and a book of the spirit. It is a book of the past, and a book of the present, and a book of the future. It is a book of the world, and a book of the church, and a book of the home. It is a book of the great, and a book of the small, and a book of the lowly. It is a book of the rich, and a book of the poor, and a book of the meek. It is a book of the strong, and a book of the weak, and a book of the humble. It is a book of the wise, and a book of the foolish, and a book of the simple. It is a book of the learned, and a book of the unlearned, and a book of the ignorant. It is a book of the cultured, and a book of the uncultured, and a book of the barbarous. It is a book of the civilized, and a book of the uncivilized, and a book of the savage. It is a book of the refined, and a book of the unrefined, and a book of the coarse. It is a book of the elegant, and a book of the inelegant, and a book of the vulgar. It is a book of the noble, and a book of the ignoble, and a book of the base. It is a book of the virtuous, and a book of the vicious, and a book of the wicked. It is a book of the good, and a book of the evil, and a book of the bad. It is a book of the beautiful, and a book of the ugly, and a book of the hideous. It is a